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A
CRY FROM THE DEAD,
FROM THE FLOWER OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

OR AN
EXHORTATION
AT A
COMMUNION
TO A
SCOT'S CONGREGATION
In LONDON.

By Mr. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

From a Manuscript never before printed.

GLASGOW.

Printed in the Year. 1765.

CRY FROM THE DEAD

FROM THE LIVES OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

EXHORTATION

TO M.M.U.N.

SCOT'S CONGREGATION

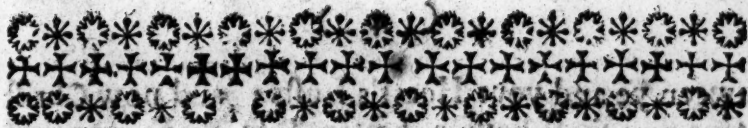
IN LONDON

BY MR. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

From a Manuscript now before printed

E. & S. O. W.

Printed in the Year 1797



EXHORTATION

COMMUNION.

TO A

Scots CONGREGATION at London.

IT is Christ's Will, that his Bairns get their Fill, and that they grow. Christ never had a hungry House nor his Father before him. There is Bread and Drink in his Father's House. Eat and drink, much Good may it do you; for you get it with Christ's Good-will, and his hearty blessing. Now in the Strength of it work a good Work to Christ your Master; he gives his Servants Meat and Drink, with a good House in a new City. Who is this that bath his Garment dipt in Blood; yea, in red Blood? Know ye him, beloved? But he kens ye full well; come near him, and stand not afar off; Christ says: not look by me, but look on me whom you have pierced with your Sins; you must not turn your Shoulder to him, but set your face towards him: Love your new Husband well, and let all the old go, and play themselves: rent the contract which was be-

tween ye and your Heart's Lusts: and now Christ says you shall have a better Life than ever you had in your old Husband's Time.

Provide much Plenishing against the Time he and ye take up house together in heaven; Christ is dressing all the Chambers and Hall for you in your Father's House. Make away as fast as you can, take Home your Writs with you, Christ hath subscribed them: Take Home the King's Pardon with you, written with the Lord's own Heart's Blood, and the King's great Seal at it, and stamp upon the Seal Christ's Arms, even the slain Son of God hanging upon the Cross, subscribing a large Dispensation to you. Now remember before Witnesses you are his. Have ye not Reason to think Christ is heartsome in his own House? He has made his Wife a great feast To-day? Lie not down to sleep after your Meat, Christ has fed you to run a Race, even a Race to heaven, awake therefore.

In the Word and Sacraments Christ now takes you into the Chariot with himself, and draws your Heart's after him. Be Satan's and the World's Footmen no longer, for it is a wearisome Life; but ride with Christ in his Chariot, for it is all paved with Love; the Bottom of it is the Love of slain Christ; ye must sit there upon Love. Love is a soft Cushion, but the Devil and the World make you sweat at the sore work of Sin, and run upon your own Feet too; but it is better to be Christ's Horsemen to ride, than to be Satan's trog-

trogged Footmen and travel upon Clay. Christ says, he has washed you To-day; Sin no more; keep yourselves clean; go not to Satan's sooty Houses, but take to your Husband, the fairest among ten Thousand, that your lovely Husband may have your Robes clean in the Blood of the Lamb.

Ye are going into a clean Heaven, and an undefiled City; take not filthy clabby Hands and clabby feet with you. What say you of your new Husband? Please ye your new Husband well? may not his Servants say in his Name, that ye are heartily welcome to him? And may they not say in your Name that he is heartily welcome to you? A plain Answer: Ye cannot well want a Half-marrow, no Soul liveth well a single Life. Now, seeing ye must marry, marry Christ; ye will never get a better Husband; take him and his Father's Blessing; fall too and woo him; be holy and get a good Name, and Christ will not want you. It is many a Day since ye were invited to this Banquet, why should ye bide from it? Ye are not come uncalled, and Christ both sitteth and eateth with you, and standeth and serveth you; Christ both said the Grace, and blessed the Meat, and says it To-day, and prays, My Father's be at the Banquet. Your Father cries, Divorce, divorce all other Lovers, go and agree with Christ your Cautioner, and purchase a Discharge if you can. It is better holding than drawing; better to say here he is than here he was. Rive

all his Clothes, and he will not be angry at you; in Death he held a strait Grip of you; Hell, Devils, the Wrath of God, and the Curse of the Law, could not all loose his Grips of you: Christ got a Claught of you in the Water, and he brought all with him. Look up by Faith to him. Ye could never have been let up by Angels. May not Christ say, the Law soon took a Cleik of me, and drew me among Thieves for your Cause? And was not that strong Love, that humble Christ cared not what they did to him so being he might get you? In that Night wherein our Lord was betrayed, he ordained the Supper for you; upon his Death-bed he made his Testament, and left it in Legacy to you; In Death, he had more Mind of you, his Wife, than he had of himself: In the Garden, on the Cross, his silly lost Sheep was ay in his mind. Love has a bra' Memory and cannot forget; he has graven you on the Palms of his Hands, and when he looks upon his Hands, he says, My Sheep I cannot forget; yea, in my Death, my Sister, my Spouse was ay in my Mind; she took my Sleep from me that Night I was sweating in the Garden for her.

When Christ was dead, and sleeping on the Cross, and his Side broken with a Spear, until Blood and Water came out, the Lord was forming a Wife for the second *Adam*, your Husband. In Death he was doing and working what no wedded Man could do, even blessing and embracing his Beloved. Come near and kiss dead Jesus,

O but Christ has a sweet Smell, even when he is dead! What think ye of the Smell of his Love? What think ye of these Feet that went up and down the World to seek his Father's lost Sheep, pierced with nails? He that healed the Diseases of the Lame and the Blind, he is now blind himself: The Eyes that were oft lift up to Heaven unto God in Prayer, wearied with Tears; his Head pierc'd with Thorns; the Face that is fairer than the Sun, now all stained with Blood. Could Love be painted then? When Christ was black and blue upon the Cross, and pale with Death, he was then fairest and pleasantest, and God the Father was reconciled, and looked sweetly upon slain Christ; and then Mercy and Peace was proclaimed to all believing Sinners; the Law and Justice bloomed still, until Christ's life was put forth, and now they smile upon Believers and say, Come unto Heaven pulled open by Christ's holy Arm from the Cross, that was shut by the strong Iron Bar that held the Door of Heaven, until he hurt his Arm and took it by. And now Christ says, be not afraid, come away; and seeing the Door is already open, enter into it and there abide. Ye are Christ's Brethren and Sisters, when ye were under Hell and Condemnation, he pleaded the Law for you, and God be thanked he won the Plea, but it was great Charges to him. Take to you now the free purchased Redemption, your Brother's new Forgiveness, Peace, Joy, and a Kingdom, and more; take him to be your Lord, and much good may you have of your new Master Jesus Christ.

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Of all Wonders that ever were read in a printed Book, this is the first; Christ made an Exchange; Christ would cross Lives with you, and make a Nisser; he never beguiled you, for he took Shame, and gave you Glory; he took the Curse and gave you the blessing; he took Death and gave you Life. The fairest Candle that ever was lighted, is blown out; the Head of the Church is dead, and the Lord of Life is laid down in the Grave. No Wonder that the Sun, that did shew part of his Labours, be shut down, because the great Son of Righteousness was shut down in the Grave, and a Stone laid above him. Good right have ye to Christ: Accept of his Nisser, and change with him, and take his best blessing, and purchase Redemption. What a Sight is our Lord Jesus Christ going out of the Gates of *Jerusalem* and his Cross upon his Back, and was like to fall under it, he was so weak in Body and weary in Soul, when he went up to the Top of the Mount *Calvary*; and all the Time he saw black Death before him, and a Curse: He was even then bearing God's Curse upon his Back, and that was heavier than the Cross. Look on him and follow him; he will not bid you lend him a Lift. Give him Obedience, and give him Love; for it is better to him nor if you had been crucified for him; and look upon him, and look for him, whether I go, ye know, and the Way ye know; Christ this Day lets you see all the Footsteps in your Way to Heaven. He went in a hard Way, himself thro' God's Curse, and painful Sufferings; He bids you not follow him that
Way,

Way, but believe in him, and love one another, and stick fast by Christ. The old Gate ye doubt never have gone, but Christ's Market-gate is a sweet and easy way; if ye will bear Christ's Yoke, and so love him, ye and he will come in each others Hands together to Heaven, and ye will be the welcomer that he is with you.

A little while, says Christ, and I will come again: Take you here Christ's Flesh in token that he will come again to you and marry you to himself for ever. Your new Husband hath said, *within a little while and he will see you*; and see that ye keep yourselves for him; abide in him. Christ says to you, my dearest ones weary not, fight on, I shall be at your frae hand, be true to me, as I was ay to you.

Indeed when your Salvation was in Christ's Hand, it was between the tyning and the winnowing, but our Lord Jesus plaid us not a Slip, he was a'to be lipped in. What think ye of Christ? is he not fair and lovely? Has not his Wife good cause to say, *He is altogether lovely*, Cant. v. 16. His Breast is all made of Love. If ye had him but once in your Arms, you would thrust him into your Hearts, yea and beyond it, if it could be gotten down. Christ took a hearty Grip of you upon the Cross; he'll not let you slip out of his Fingers again.

Many Waters cannot quench Love. Christ was the Lamb roasted at the Fire for you; he got a
Roast

Roast and a Heat that made him sweat Blood; but yet his Soul was not burnt away with Love. Oh! Christ would fain have you; are you not burning with Love for him? Do you find in your Hearts to want him? Oh! thrice sweet Death to die of Love for him, that died of Love for you. Christ in the Garden, on the Cross, in the Grave, under the pursuing of his Father's Wrath and Anger, he spared ay for his Beloved, his Kirk: He sought you in all these Places, and he sought ay till he found you; he would not want his Errand for the seeking; he went triumphing and rejoicing, and his Wife in his hand. Christ rueeth nothing what he has done for you, he thinks it all well war'd.

Christ loves you better than his Life, for he gave away his Life to get your Love; he spared neither Cost nor Expence, Christ was without Sin, gave himself a Ransom for you Sinners: his Father laid a Cross on him; he bought you with his Father's Curse: Was not that a dear Wife to him? Then let Christ be dear to you. *Pilate* scourged Christ, and brought him forth to the People, to see if they would rue on him: When they saw his bloody Shoulders, they might have said, poor Man, thou art ill enough handled else, for ought that thou hast done; but these Hell-hounds would have his Heart's blood, and his Life, or they would have nothing, and your Husband said *Amen*, to it, for the Love that he did bear to you; and for all that God hath done to him, be it so, *Amen*, Father

What

What a Sight was innocent and harmless Jesus when he stood before the Governour and had nought to say? They laid Thieves Bands on our Saviours Hands that had never stolen, that had never shed Blood; Bands bound his Hands; but Love, Mercy and Grace, bound his tender heart with stronger Bands and Gords, to loose us out of the Bands of Sin. He cried in the Spirit, Father, bind me, and loose them, slay me and save them, and their ill be upon me; so be it, dear Jesus.

Christ cried with a loud Voice in Death, Father, into thy Hands I recommend my Spirit; when our Lord died, because it was his Will, Death could not bind him, but Love to his Wife bound him. Love is stronger than Death; nay, Love was as strong as Christ. The Law was weak now, for Christ's satisfied it, and yet it has no Power over you; ye are in Christ, and he is a better Master than the Law. Change not with any Master again; follow him all the Way to Heaven.

Christ's new Love got a Whistle in his blessed Manhood. How do you since you married Christ last? Tell your Mind of Christ. Let Faith speak; let Love speak of slain Christ Jesus, of his kissing you; ye are now at Christ's pierced Side, get Heaven and Mercy when Christ has the Cross on his Back.

Was not Christ's Love Tocher good enough? O! what is sewed and covered up in Christ's Love! Come and press his Love, and milk Heaven and Glory

Glory out of it. Live on his Love and ye are
 wholly fed. Lie in Christ's Love, and that's a
 sweet Bed. Ride on his Love, and it shall carry
 you thro' Hell and Death, and every evil Way.
 That which Christ has dear bought he will not
 want. Ye are sold over to a Lord, that will not
 want you, but will have you; make no merchan-
 dize with any other. He rues not, why should ye
 grieve? Mount *Calvary*, since God laid the first
 Stone of it did never bear such a Weight as when
 the Lord of Glory was hanged up a Tree there.
 O! it was made a fair Tree when such an Apple
 grew on it; it was a green Orchard, it was our
 Summer, but Death's Winter. Darknes was in
 all *Judea*, when our Lord suffered: And why?
 Because the Candle that lighted the Sun and the
 Moon was blown out. The Godhead was eclips-
 ed, and the World's Eye put out. He took a-
 way the Sun with him as it were to another
 World, when he that was the World's Sun was
 put out. When he went out of the Earth, the
 Sun would not stay behind him. Sun, what ails
 thee? I have not will to shine when my Lord is
 going to another World; as if the Sun had said
 to Jesus, 'Lord, if thou be going to another World,
 take me with thee.' The Dead came out of the
 Grave to welcome Christ's Death; Life itself was
 coming to the Grave, and therefore the Graves
 opened; the Dead lived; the Bairns sprang and
 stirred in their Mothers Bellies. Why? because
 the Lord of Life was coming to the Grave; the
 Dead wondered to see Life coming down among
 them; he went before-hand to sponge Death and
 Cor

Corruption for you. Jesus cried with a loud Voice with such a Shout as went never before to Heaven, the Son crying to the Father, shouting with Tears and strong cries, Father! Father! God's Mercy! O! What a Cry would all Believers have made in Hell, if Christ had not cried, yea, been always crying there? O! what a Fray was there? God weeping, God sobbing under the Wrath: Never was there such a Fray in Heaven and Earth, either before, or shall be after. Angels might have quaked, if they be capable of such Passions; they might have said, alas! what ails our dear Lord and Master to cry so hideously? Christ worried on a Piece of Tree; he who takes up the Isles of the Sea as a little Thing, yea, he who can take up Heaven and Earth with a Touch of his little Finger; he who can weigh the Mountains in a Balance; O! what a Set was it to Christ's Back and his Fillets! No Wonder, there was more than a Tree upon his Back; the Curse of the Law of God was above the Tree, and that was heavier than ten thousand Mountains of Iron. Ah! a Wonder his Back brake not in twa, and all his Bones were not crush'd with it. Christ cries, *I thirst.*

I thirst. — No Wonder, there was a Fire in his Soul, such a Furnace as would have dried up the Sea, and all the Waters of it. If I cast a Coal of God's Wrath in the Midst of the Sea, it would soon suck it all up; if there were as much Water as might lie betwixt the Bottom of the Sea and the Heaven of Heavens, betwixt the East Point
of

of Heaven and the West Point of Heaven; the pure unmixed Wrath of God would drink it all dry in a Moment. All the Wells on Earth set to Christ's Mouth, could not have quenched his Thirst; a Drink of his Father's Wells was that which cooled his burnt and dried Soul. Christ cried; *My Soul is heavy unto Death*; Sorrow is like to kill me; Fear and Horror is like to break my Heart. What, dear Lord Jesus, art thou ruining the Voyage? Wouldst thou cast thy Bargain? No, no, but it is a sad Cup. O! see an ugly Sight; I see the Lord covered with Wrath! I see a greater Fire than put all the Fires in Hell in one; and the Lord hath made me, poor me, greeting weak me, his contrary Party; the Lord is running upon me like a Giant. My Martyrs and my Servants sing and rejoice at the Gibbet and Fire, but I weep, I in this sad and dreary mind alone, because my Lord is away. Oh Wells! O Lochs! O running Streams! where were you all when my Lord could not get a Drink? O fy on *Jerusalem*! for there were Wine enough in *Jerusalem*; and there Christ was brunt like a *Keel-stick*. O Wells! what ails you at your Lord Jesus? the Wells and Lochs answer, alas! we dare not know him, the Lord hath laid a Fence upon us; we are arrested, we dare not serve our Master. Is there any booling in all *Judea*, or is there any Room? Yea there are Tables full of Vomit, but our Lord was forced to take Good-night of the Creature with a Nay-say. O to hear the Wells say we will give *Herod* and *Pilate* a Drink, but we'll give Christ none, yea, give me Leave to say, there's

there's none in the Earth brewn for Christ, but a Drink of Gall and Vinegar: The Wells say we will give Oxen and Horses Drink, but never a Drop for the Lord of Glory; for all his good Preaching and Miracles in *Jerusalem*, and so much as a Drop of cold Water. Ey on thee *Jerusalem*, is this thy Reward to thy great High Priest? not so much as a Beggar's Courtesy, a Drink of cold Water to your dear Redeemer Jesus! But by this Christ has brought Drink to all Believers.

Jesus gave up the Ghost. O Life! would thou bear that blessed Body no longer Company. O Life of Life, would you be by Death taken Prisoner? O! to see that blessed Head fall to the one Side. O! to see Life wanting Life, to see Life lying dead! to see that blessed Mouth silent! to see that fair Corse rolled in Linen, and laid in a Tomb! O! to see sweet Jesus that he should go his lone. O! to see that blessed Body in *Joseph's* Arms, come hither, Believers! and see a Sight you never saw the like of it. O! what would the Disciples say, but that we are beguiled Men. We thought that he should restore the Kingdom of *Israel*, and now he is gone away; and now he is dead that raised *Lazarus* from the Grave. O! would Angels think our Master is dead, meikle scant of Life in the World might one say, before he should have died for want; the whole Guard about Christ might say, O what evil hath he done? O Sun what would thou not send Light, he never angered thee, but gave thee Light. O Floods! O Rivers! O running Streams! what
has

has thus angered you at your Creator, that ye would
 not send your Lord a Drink ! O Bread, why art
 thou Gall to him ? O Drink, why to him Vine-
 gar ? O worldly Pomp and Glory what ails you
 at him, that he is so ashamed ? O Life ! where
 goest thou ? Why leavest thou the Lord of Life ?
 O Joys why would ye not cheer him ? O Dis-
 ciples ! why left you him and forsook him ? O
 Father ! what ails thee at thy dear and only Son ?
 O what Evil-way went these Feet that are pierc-
 ed ? O what Evil did those Hands that they are
 pierced ? O what Evil and what Vanity did these
 Eyes behold, that Death hath closed them ? O
 what Sin hath that fair Face done that it is spit-
 ted upon ? O what did these Hands fear, that they
 were bound ? O what Evil has that blessed Head
 done, that it is crowned with Thorns ?

F I N I S.